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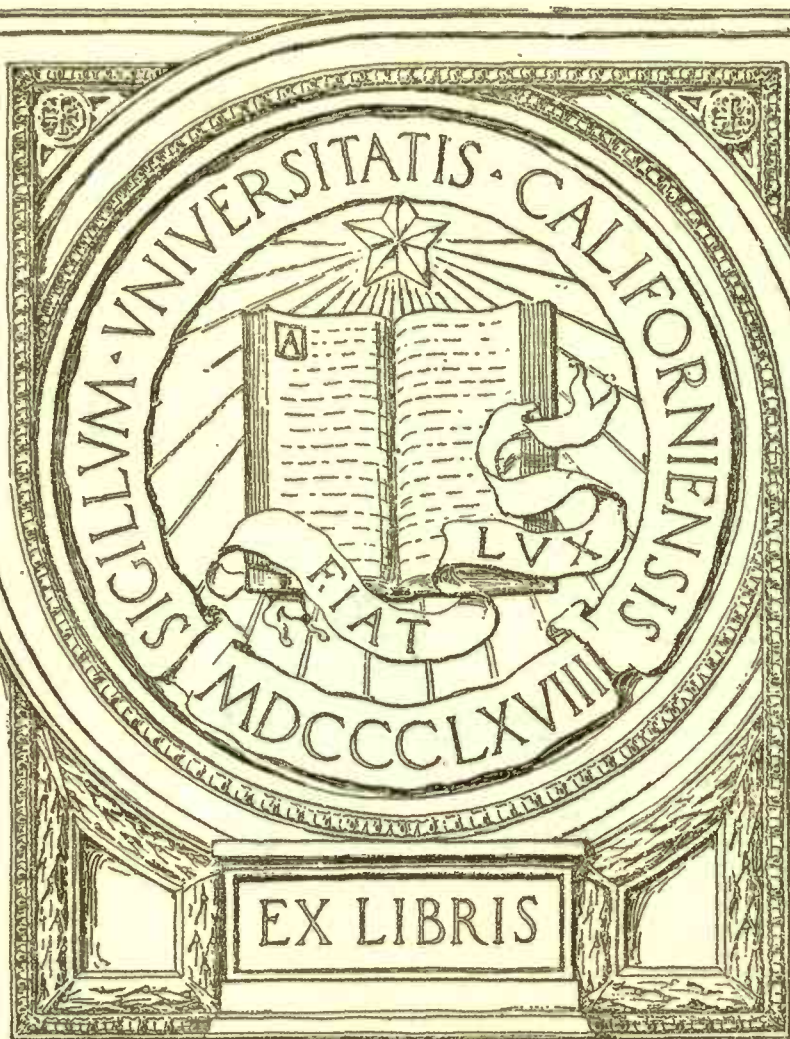


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Life's Rosary
and other Ballads
of Truth



ROBISON

21

THE ROSE
AND OTHER
POEMS

To Mr. Dickinson
Minneapolis
Rm 91
and

LIFE'S ROSARY

and OTHER BAL-
LADS *of* TRUTH

□ □ □ □ *By* □ □ □ □

R. MAYME
ROBISON



Published by
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1920

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Los Angeles, Cal.

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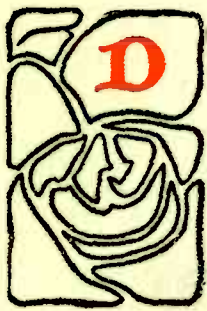
PREFACE

GO FORTH, LITTLE VERSES, AND
LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE, SHINE,
SHINE! WHILE YOU MAY NOT
BE A BEACON TORCH OF TRUTH,
IF YOU CAN AID,—BY YOUR TINY
RAY,—SOME EARNEST SEEKER,—
OR PERHAPS SOME DISCOURAGED
SEEKER,—WE WILL BE HAPPY.

R. MAYME ROBISON.

1611 West 48th St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Life's Rosary



*DOWN in the depths of a humble heart,
The pearls of Life are found;
They gather each of their marvelous
tints,
From sorrow, and tear, and wound;
For pearls that are made of trials o'er-come,
Will last through eternity;
And each will be formed a perfect gem,
To place in Life's rosary.*

*The pearl of kindness adds to the strand,
A beauty reflecting the Sun;
And pearls of brotherly love and care,
Will add to the strand begun;
Then day after day, as the years roll by,
We give service so lovingly;
A glorified self forms the cross which we,
Shall place in Life's rosary.*



The Bethesda of Truth




*ESUS said to the man at the pool;—
"Take up thy bed and walk."*

*Today Christ speaks to each weary heart,
Longing for health and peace and joy;
Depend not on another's part,
In finding the Truth without alloy.*

*Know that the pool is broad and deep;
Healing waters for each and all;
Only strive God's commandments to keep,
With ear attuned to heavenly call;
Altho your sins be of scarlet hue,
Truth makes you pure as morning dew.*

The Corner-Stone of Purity


 *HE Temple that we build for God,
Most magnificent must be;
Foundation deep on Truth and Love,
With corner-stone of purity.*

*As we rear the walls to lofty height,
Each thought and deed a stone;
Let none be used with flaw or blight—
Choose each for perfection alone.*

*Then place the windows to let in the Sun;
The Sun of God's radiant love;
And finish the spire so nobly begun,
With a cross that points above.*

*Oh that our lives may be builded aright,
With deeds of service and sanctity;
Building with thoughts of power and might,
Round the corner-stone of purity.*


I Live, Dear Mother Mine

 *H do not moan and sigh,
And blind your eyes with tears;
Dear mother mine, I did not die;
So rest and calm your fears.*

*Ah no! I burst my bonds and fled;
Onward and upward my soul will go;
Brighter and grander my life will be,
Where time is dissolved in eternity.*

*Do not grieve or wish me there,
I would not leave this realm so fair;
I live, I LIVE, dear mother mine,
My life shall be one song sublime.*


Speak to My Heart

PEAK to my heart, O Love Divine;
Help me to know I'm a child of Thine;
Teach me, O Father, how best to pray,
To live a purer life each day.

*Speak to my heart, O Love Divine;
I'll do Thy will, tho opposed to mine;
I'll walk in the path Thou ledest, Lord,
Guide me in thought and deed and word.*

*Speak to my heart, O Love Divine;
Tell me what's best for this soul of mine;
I'm waiting Father, with listening ear,
Tho you speak faintly, I shall hear.*

Immanuel


 *HOUGH your path be lone and drear,
Heartaches many through the year;
Lift your eyes in faith and say,—
God is with me all the way.*

*When your mind is much perplexed,
And your soul with life is vexed;
Lift your eyes in faith and say,—
God is with me all the way.*

*When your loved ones prove untrue,
And the world seems harsh to you;
Lift your eyes in faith and say,—
God is with me all the way.*

*The time will come when you shall reap,
Of that faith you've sown so deep;
Then you can look up and say,—
GOD WAS WITH ME ALL THE WAY.*

Roll Away the Stone

OLL the stone away from your heart,
And let the Christ come in;
Then open wide the inner door,
And haste to welcome Him.

He stands without and faintly knocks,
O list, and heed the call;
Invite Him in to sup with you,
And offer Him your all.


For when you humbly offer self,
And earthly treasures dear,
You'll find He taketh not away,
But bringeth Heaven near.

And when within your heart the Christ,
Is welcomed day by day;
You soon will have a treasure trove,
That none can take away.

Your heart becomes an inner shrine,
And God is always there;
So daily gather purest thoughts,
And deck the altar fair.


Then let us roll the stone away,
And bid the Christ come in;
Let's open wide the inner door,
And haste to welcome Him.

Matthew 6:19-20

 *LOAT not o'er earthly treasures dear;
Lay no great stress on riches here;
But seek the safety vaults above,
In which to store your deeds of love.*

*For noble thoughts and deeds are sure,
In Heaven's vaults to be secure;
No moth nor rust can enter there,
And safety lies in earnest prayer.*

The Mountain Stream

 *THE joy it displays
As it comes down the hills;
Leaping and dancing,
And merrily prancing;
Bubbling and foaming,
Blithesomely roaming
Its way down the mountain
In numberless rills.*

*Oh the freedom and love
It inspires on its way;
As it dances and sings,
And happily brings
Its cool pristine nectar
To all living things;
While it sparkles and laughs
With joy all the day.*

*What a lesson for each one
The lovely stream gives;
What a realm of delight,
Could be wrought o'er-night—
If man would go singing,
Lovingly bringing,
But good to his fellows
So long as he lives.*

Mother



*HO do we think of so far away,
Who do we long to see, day after day;
Who do we mention when to Heaven
we pray?*

Why Mother, of course, it is Mother.

*Who was the one that taught us to pray,
Who asked God to bless and keep us each day;
Who knelt by the cradle when helpless we lay?
Why Mother, of course, it was Mother.*

*Who guided our feet in the paths of right,
Who kissed us and prayed for us every night;
Who labored and loved with all her might?
Why Mother, of course, it was Mother.*

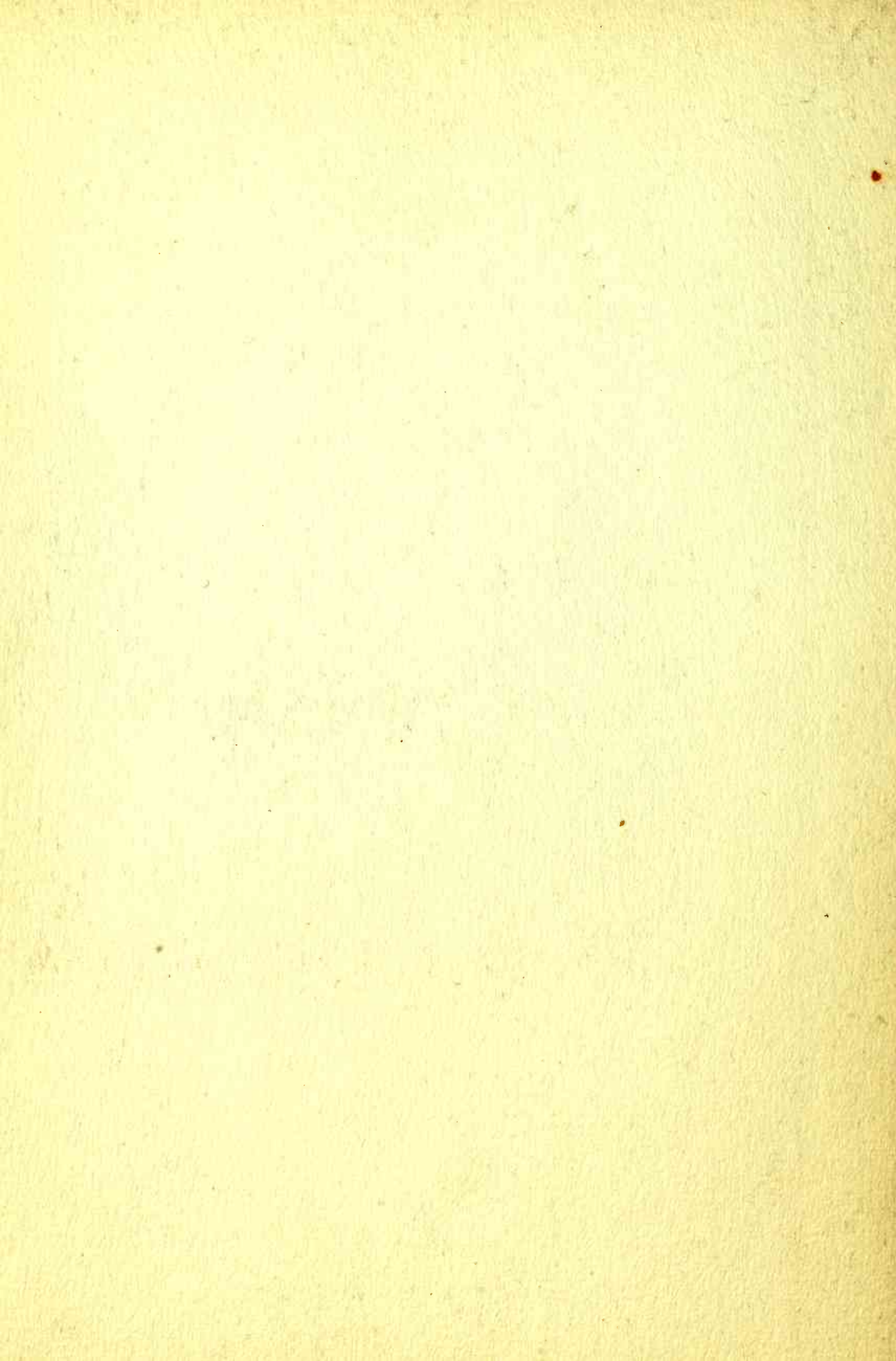
*Who gives us hope and strength in our fears,
Who comforts and loves us thru all our tears;
Who makes us think more of God thru the
years?
Why Mother, of course, it is Mother.*

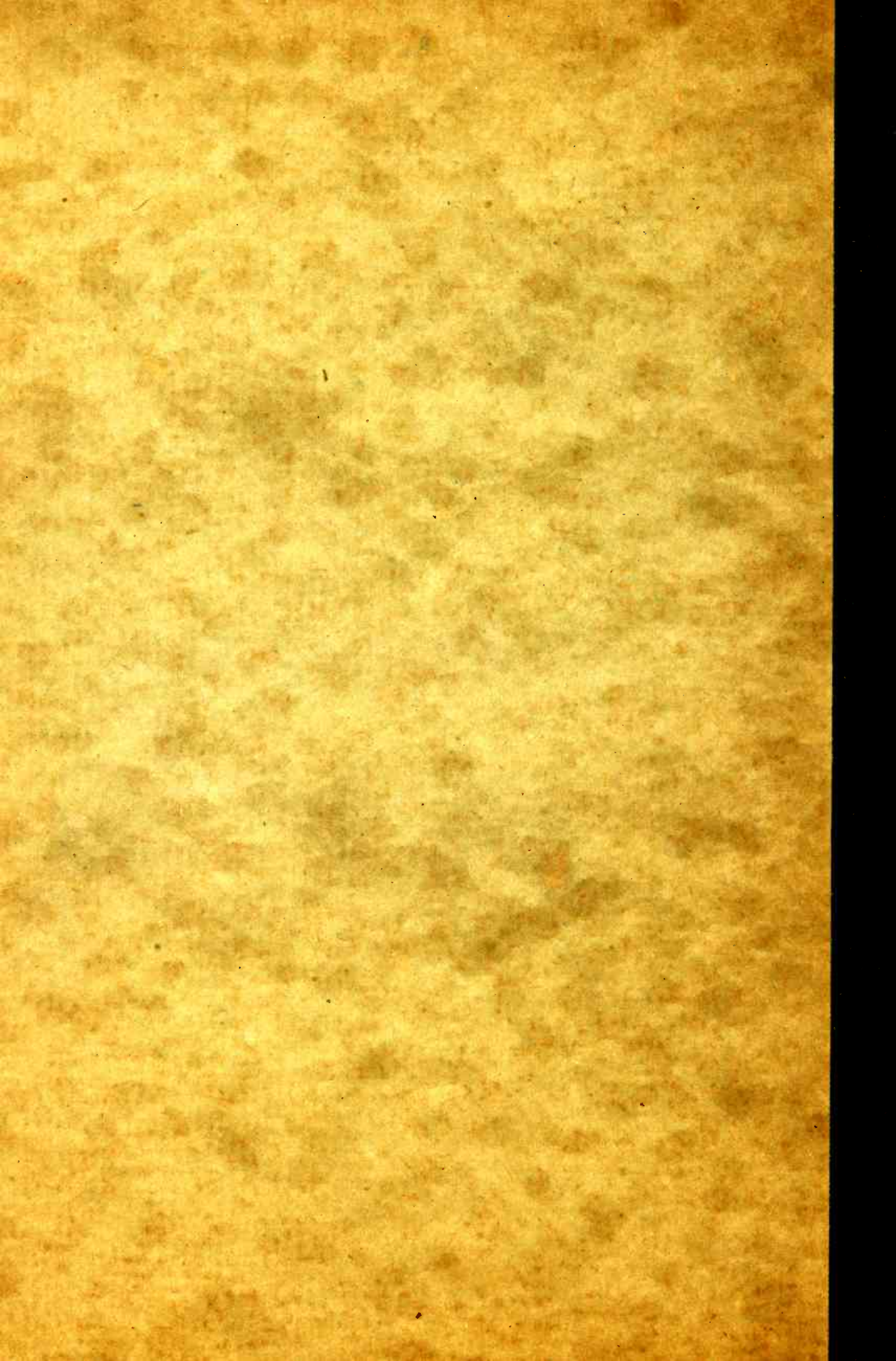
Other Ballads of Truth



*IF WE could hang our troubles and tears
In the yard to air and dry;
And then a breeze would come along,
And blow them all awry;
Perhaps most of them would be blown so thin,
We never would bother to take them back in.*







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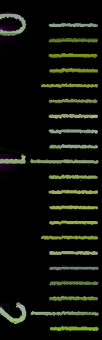
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